

sweater weather

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sweater weather

by [klesek](#)

Chapter 1

Ghostbur's sweater was a... mysterious thing.

No matter who put it on, it was always a little bit too big, going down to about halfway down the thigh, and the sleeves were always too long, covering your hands.

According to all laws of physics, there is no way Ghostbur's sweater should be able to be that big or small. Sweaters simply don't work like that. Ghostbur, of course, wears his too big sweater anyways because he doesn't care what alive people think is possible.

It made sense. To Ghostbur, at least. Alivebur was the only one who particularly cared that it very obviously defied the laws of physics, all the others defied the laws of physics themselves. There were two ghosts in the group, for fuck's sake. If you care that much about physics, and are in a group with four different versions of you, then you might be caring about the wrong thing.

It didn't matter, anyways, right? It's just a sweater, what would prompt someone to think too hard about it? In a world where an egg possesses people, where people are half-human half-mob, and where gods build random staircases to the sky and no one questions it, why would one care about the physics silly ghost's sweater?

Well, Alivebur seemed to. He always seemed to get annoyed or confused about the smallest things, though maybe they just seemed small to the other Wilburs. They had all died at some point, besides Alivebur. They had all said 'fuck physics, the world has to live with me' a long time ago. Honestly, it's a surprise Alivebur hadn't already. Hell, there was floating fucking courthouse and he didn't question it. No one did.

And so, when he thought about it more, and when he saw Ghostbur's sweater almost seem to get... longer for no reason, he decided to ask him about it.

“Ghostbur?” Alivebur asked, walking up to Ghostbur, who was just... floating there, ominously by the electric chair tower. He liked to do that. He said he was meditating.

Ghostbur blinked, his eyes kind of brightening. “Yeah?”

“How does your sweater work?” Alivebur blurted. You could say he has a way with words.

Ghostbur tilted his head. “What do you mean? It’s a sweater, it works.”

“No, no,” Alivebur shook his head. “I mean, how does it look bigger and smaller sometimes? Are my eyes just playing tricks on me?”

“Oh, that,” Ghostbur said nonchalantly. “It does that sometimes.”

“Wh- What do you mean it ‘does that sometimes??’” Alivebur argued. “*How* does it do that?”

“I dunno,” Ghostbur shrugged. “It just does, and I don’t question it! Heck, I’m a ghost. Why should I be questioning how things work if ghosts ‘don’t exist’?”

Alivebur closed and opened his mouth. Could he really argue against that?

“Things don’t abide by the laws of physics here,” Ghostbur said dryly. “Or any laws, really. All rules are thrown out the window.”

“Hmmph,” Alivebur huffed. Then he got an idea- “Wait, could I try on the sweater?” he asked.

Ghostbur stared at him. “Alivebur, I don’t think you understand this. The sweater is practically part of me.”

“Please?” Alivebur pleaded. “You know I’ll give it back, I just need to see this.”

Ghostbur rolled his eyes. “Fine, sure.”

He pulled off the sweater, and Alivebur wasn’t sure what he expected to see. Maybe literally nothing, that seemed like something that would happen.

But no. There was another sweater. One in Ghostbur’s hands, another still on Ghostbur. Same size, same exact everything.

“Well,” Ghostbur said, holding out the sweater. “here!”

“How- huh-” Alivebur stammered. “More sweaters???”

“Yeah,” Ghostbur shrugged. “Don’t ask. I don’t have an answer.”

Alivebur blinked. Okay then. He took the sweater. “Well, unlike you, apparently, I have something other than sweater under the clothes, so.” He awkwardly walked over to Tubbo’s house to change.

A few minutes later, he came out with the sweater and his beanie on, and his normal coat and shirt folded under his arm.

...the sweater was still too big.

The sleeves were too long, and the end of the sweater went halfway to his knees. Just like when Ghostbur wore it.

The look on Alivebur's face was priceless. He looked so confused and shocked.

Ghostbur came over and took the coat and shirt and put it on.

"There!" Ghostbur said happily. "Now we're wearing each others' clothes!" He looked at the sleeves of the coat. "I think it's a little too big for me...." he giggled.

"I-" Alivebur started. "How- but-" he looked down to Ghostbur. "You're so much smaller than me! And so is the sweater!"

Ghostbur shrugged. He was shrugging a lot today. 'That's just how it works.'

"But it can't!" Alivebur argued. "Sweaters don't work like that! *Nothing* works like that!"

Ghostbur smiled. "And yet, some things do."

Alivebur frowned. "So.. if it fits for me... what else could we do with it?"

Ghostbur grinned. He had so many ideas.

Ranboo was next to the mansion, collecting wood for Foolish. He was on the top of the tree right now, chopping away at the wood with his axe.

"RANBOO!"

He jumped, surprised, and looked down to where the shout had come from.

Down at the ground was Ghostbur and- and Alivebur... that was gonna take some getting used to. Anyways, Alivebur was wearing Ghostbur's sweater, and Ghostbur was wearing Alivebur's coat... what??

“Yeah?” He called.

“Can you try something for us real quick?” Ghostbur shouted.

Ranboo jumped down from the top of the tree, his armor protecting him from the fall. “Sure, what do you need?”

“Can you try this on real quick?” Ghostbur asked, holding out... another sweater. Where was he getting all these sweaters?

“Um...” Ranboo hummed. “Sure?”

He took off his armor and put it to the side, then pulled the sweater on, over his suit. It was very comfy, nice and soft.

“WHAT THE FUCK!” Alivebur shouted.

“What?” Ranboo asked, concerned.

“The fucking- the sweater!” Alivebur said, sounding annoyed. “The sleeves are long, the end goes down halfway to your knees, even though you’re tall as fuck!”

Ranboo looked at his hands- or where his hands *would* be. There was only sweater. The sleeves were too long, like they always were on Ghostbur.

“That’s...” Ranboo started. “weird.”

“I don’t get why it’s such a big deal,” Ghostbur spoke up.

“It defies the laws of physics and fucking- common sense!” Alivebur argued.

“You’re in a group of four different versions of yourself,” Ghostbur said dryly. “Why do you care so much about physics and common sense?”

“He has a point,” Ranboo pointed out.

“I just-” Alivebur sighed. “Never mind.”

“Well, you can keep that if you want!” Ghostbur said, pointing to the sweater Ranboo was wearing. “We’ll be off now, seeya around!”

“What are you doing?” Ranboo asked.

“Going to see what other weird stuff we can do with the sweater,” Ghostbur replied. “Turns out it makes Alivebur quite a bit annoyed!”

“...ah,” Ranboo slowly nodded. “Well, you have fun!”

“You too!” Ghostbur smiled. “Doing... whatever you’re doing with your very tall trees!”

Ranboo smiled, watching Ghostbur float after Alivebur.

Alivebur. Huh.

what could go wrong?

Chapter Summary

more of that goddamned sweater <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Got your shit?” Alivebur whispered.

“Yep!” Ghostbur whispered back.

They were in the hallway right before the room with The Egg. They had a plan, they just needed to execute it, then get out before *they* got executed.

They knew BadBoyHalo was in the Egg room, and Bad wouldn’t hesitate to get them out of there if they threatened the Egg- which they weren’t going to do, they were here to make a ‘deal’- so they needed to be careful.

Alivebur walked into the room casually, as if he was simply walking down the Prime Path. Ghostbur followed. Neither of them had really been in here before. Ghostbur had heard people talk about it, but he had never gone in. And of course, Alivebur had never even seen the Egg before he got to this time.

“HEY!”

They turned around to see Bad in front of the Egg.

“Heyyy!” Alivebur said, almost nervously.

Bad’s eyes widened. “Wilbur? But- how-”

“Can you try this sweater on?” Ghostbur blurted, cutting him off and holding out *another* sweater.

Bad blinked. “Excuse you?”

“Can you try this sweater on?” Ghostbur repeated.

“Why?” Bad asked.

“It’s complicated,” Alivebur started. “Basically, it fits literally everyone, and so we’re asking the tallest people on the server to try it on.”

“And since you’re nine foot six,” Ghostbur continued. “we want you to try it on!”

Okay, Ghostbur thought. This is going better than we thought it would.

“And why should I?” Bad asked, smiling a little bit.

Never mind.

“Well, we have a deal,” Ghostbur answered.

“You try on the sweater,” Alivebur started. “and we join the Egg.”

Bad raised an eyebrow. “That seems like a small thing to join the Eggire.”

“It’s important,” Ghostbur said quickly. “Very. Important.”

“Well,” Bad considered. “I supposed I could try it on.”

Ghostbur grinned. All going according to plan. He held out the sweater. “Here you go!”

Bad put on the sweater over his hoodie- the hood somehow staying on even though the sweater should have pulled it down, was there another physics and common sense defying sweater?.

And it fit. Of course it did. Of course.

“WHY DOES IT WORK?!” Alivebur shouted. “WHY!”

Ghostbur shrugged. “Like I said, it just works.”

“So are you going to join the Egg now?” Bad said, tapping his foot. “You promised.”

“See the thing is, Bad...” Alivebur said.

Ghostbur felt behind his back for the glass bottle.

“We didn’t exactly promise.”

Ghostbur threw down the splash potion and suddenly he was invisible. He turned around and ran to the doorway, then looked back to see.. crap. It didn't reach Alivebur. Ghostbur didn't even need it, he could go invisible on his own, it was just a precaution, and so Alivebur could get out too-

Alivebur looked at his not-invisible self, then to where Ghostbur had been, then back to Bad. "Oh fuck."

Alivebur turned around and ran, almost bumping into Ghostbur. "RUN!" He yelled, and Ghostbur obliged, booking it out the doorway and up the steps, ignoring Bad yelling to get back behind them.

"YOU'RE WELCOME FOR THE SWEATER!" Ghostbur yelled, running up the steps, into the hallway that led to the spider spawner as Alivebur blocked up the tunnel with the 27 pieces of obsidian that he had for some reason.

"Um... what are you doing?"

Ghostbur and Alivebur turned to where the voice had come from, and saw Ranboo there, holding his sword, obviously there for the spawner.

Ghostbur and Alivebur immediately both started laughing, leaving Ranboo standing there, confused.

Alivebur was so confused.

That goddamn sweater defied common sense and physics and probably lots of other laws of the normal world, yet no one seemed to care except him. And sure, maybe it was just some sort of magic sweater. That wouldn't exactly be out of the ordinary on this Server, what with all the weird shit around.

But still. He couldn't make any sense of it, and at this point, he wasn't sure if he wanted to.

He and Ghostbur were headed to Skeppy and Bad's mansion, hoping that Skeppy was there and Bad was not. Unless Bad could teleport, then he probably wouldn't be there or been able to tell Skeppy about them.

...ignoring communicators.

They were walking down the Prime Path, past Tommy's house and the Big Innit Hotel, down to the split to go right or left or straight. They went straight, into the mansion.

“SKEPPYYYY!” Ghostbur yelled. “SKEPPY?”

“Ghostbur?”

Alivebur and Ghostbur turned to see Skeppy on the stairs to the next floor.

“Hey, Skeppy,” Ghostbur started. “can you shrink real quick? Well- put on this sweater first- then shrink?”

“Um.” Skeppy blinked. “Sure? Any reason why?”

Ghostbur gave the sweater to Skeppy, trying to ignore how his eyes were red- meaning he was on the Egg's side. “No reason, really, we just wanna see if it works.”

Skeppy tilted his head. “Okay then,” he said, pulling it on over his head. He then shrank to two inches tall, and Ghostbur crouched down, holding out his hand- well, sweater, as the sleeve covered his hand- and Skeppy stepped on.

“So it fits!” Ghostbur exclaimed.

“Yep!” Skeppy confirmed.

“For fuck’s sake.” Alivebur groaned into his hands.

Ghostbur set Skeppy down, letting Skeppy hop off and go back to normal size- the sweater still the same size.

“One more question,” Ghostbur spoke up. “Would you be able to put it on while you’re tiny but the sweater is normal size? And vice-versa?”

“I bet you’ll be able to,” Alivebur grumbled.

“Oh hush,” Ghostbur elbowed him. “It’s all a little experiment, and you never know what will or won’t work!”

“We could try,” Skeppy said, taking the sweater off. He handed it to Ghostbur, then shrank. Ghostbur handed it back to him, and he put it on and...

It fit.

By some magic force, it fit. No one saw it shrink, no one saw any change in size of the sweater, only it being normal, then it being small. Maybe they all blinked at the same exact time by some divine intervention by DreamXD or whatever.

“I’m gonna kill whoever made that sweater,” Alivebur declared.

“DreamXD made it,” Ghostbur said, taking the sweater back after Skeppy went back to normal size. “Probably. That’s what I always assumed, since Alivebur had a yellow sweater but not like this, so when I came about, DreamXD enchanted one of his sweaters?”

“I don’t know how to feel about you referring to me in the third person when I’m the one you’re talking to,” Alivebur said.

Ghostbur blinked. “I... forgot I was talking to.. Ali- you.”

Alivebur tilted his head. “How’d you forget you were talking to me?”

Ghostbur looked away. “I dunno, I’ve got memory problems, it’s weird, I’d rather not talk about it ri-”

“Sorry,” Skeppy spoke up, voice suddenly hostile. “But I just got a message from Bad.”

Alivebur looked at Ghostbur, who’s eyes were so wide they were like plates.

“He said that you two promised to join the Egg.. then didn’t,” Skeppy continued. “Care to explain?”

“Nope!” Alivebur exclaimed, grabbing Ghostbur by the arm and pulling him out, running down the Path.

“GET BACK HERE!”

“FUCK YOU!” Alivebur shouted back.

“LANGUAGE!”

Ghostbur's eyes widened even more, if that was even possible, and started running faster, though still behind Alivebur. "Crap crap crap crap sh- crap crap crap-"

"Are both of them following us now?!" Alivebur asked.

Ghostbur looked back to see Bad and Skeppy running after them, both holding swords and tridents. "YEP!" He yelped.

"Shit," Alivebur cursed under his breath. He picked up the pace, running even faster, his legs were sore now. He looked around, trying to find a place to hide, or someone to get help from, but no one was at the hotel, there was no one in sight-

"ALIVEBUR! GHOSTBUR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!"

Alivebur snapped his head to look towards the voice, seeing Resurrectedbur, Deadbur, and Spirit on top of Tommy's house.

Ghostbur sighed in relief. "Oh, thank fuc- I mean-"

"You can say fuck, Ghostbur," Alivebur said, skidding to a stop at Tommy's house and climbing up to the roof.

"Yeah, I know," Ghostbur replied, climbing up after him. "I just don't like to."

"So what the hell were you doing?" Deadbur demanded.

Ghostbur grinned. "Giving people free sweaters?"

“What are you talking abou-” Resurrectedbur started, then got cut off by an arrow missing his face by less than an inch.

They all looked down to where the arrow came from and saw Bad and Skeppy- both in yellow sweaters exactly like Ghostbur’s but with no blue scar- standing there, angry.

Resurrectedbur turned to Ghostbur and Alivebur. “Why do they have sweaters like yours, Ghostbur?”

“Um... we’re nice?” Alivebur laughed nervously.

Spirit put his head in his hands. “I hate you all.”

“We hate you too!” Alivebur joked.

“We might want to run,” Ghostbur spoke up, staring at Bad and Skeppy.

The other four looked at Bad and Skeppy as well, both of which were aiming bows at them now.

“So why were you being chased by Bad and Skeppy?”

Resurrectedbur was standing in front of Alivebur and Ghostbur back in Snowchester. They had lost Bad and Skeppy before the tunnel somewhere.

“We figured out that Ghostbur’s sweater can change size depending on who’s wearing it,” Alivebur explained. “So naturally, we went and got the tallest and shortest people on the

server to try it on to see if it would fit for all of them.”

“It did,” Ghostbur spoke up.

“It did,” Alivebur repeated, annoyed.

“Alivebur got so mad every time,” Ghostbur giggled. “He hated it.”

“It’s not my fault your fucking sweater defies the laws of physics and *common fucking sense*!” Alivebur exclaimed.

“I don’t see the problem here,” Resurrectedbur said.

“That’s because you’ve been fucking revived,” Alivebur argued. “None of you seem to care about things like common sense.”

“Two of us are ghosts, Alivebur,” Spirit deadpanned. “Another literally has ‘dead’ in his name, and another was dead two months ago.”

“It wasn’t two months,” Resurrectedbur corrected.

“Anyways,” Alivebur sighed. “We fucked around with Ghostbur’s sweater that he can apparently fucking *clone*, and accidentally made a deal with the Eggpire-”

“It was on purpose,” Ghostbur smiled.

“We *accidentally* made a deal with the Eggpire,” Alivebur continued, glaring at Ghostbur. “and then we didn’t hold our side of the deal and they tried to kill us.”

“Kill us, maybe just possess us,” Ghostbur shrugged. “Make an Egg possess us.”

“Speaking of which,” Deadbur spoke up. “how does a fucking egg possess you?”

“We have no clue,” Ghostbur replied. “It just does. I don’t think the Eggpire knows either.”

“Anyways,” Resurrectedbur said. “I think we’re all good here, right? Anything anyone has to say to end this conversation?”

“I strongly dislike Ghostbur’s sweater,” Alivebur complained.

“Thanks,” Ghostbur said dryly.

“No problemo, tiny man,” Alivebur grinned., patting him on the head.

“I hate this fucking family,” Spirit groaned into his hands.

Chapter End Notes

does that last line make this found family

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